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America Eats.

POCKETS.

In isolated areas of this state of ours, a strange epidemic spreads its virulence in the nervous system and brains of many individuals. It is an odd malady; the walls close in, the heart seems to move into the throat, women cry, men curse or fight brother or best friend over absolutely nothing at all, and the grandeur of nature and one's surroundings assume the aspect of Dante's Inferno. This is known by the queer cognomen of "cabin fever."

The dogs were whining and straining in their traces as I sat on the dog sled, tucking the robes around me. Four miles back in the mountains lived my neighbor, another woman married to a trapper and backwoodsman. Her brother had made the trip by dogteam to take me to her; she was lonely--almost ill with "cabin fever." The two men adjusted their ski straps, the huge dogs made a lunge, and we left our cabin so fast that I was amazed at the speed. I was skimming over the snow as swiftly and surely as a swallow. There was no need to urge the dogs on, they were homeward bound and knew it.

The trail was pegged out with a willow branch here or a gnarled stick there. A packed trail is always easier on a dogteam, and these markers were indispensable in a country where some snow fell almost every day.

It was a thrilling trip, my first experience, and by no means the last, driving a dog team. The dogs obeyed my every call. The men had

difficulty

difficulty keeping up, even if they took advantage of every short cut. I rode up to Gladice's cabin well ahead of them, the dogs barking furiously. My friend met me, and as we waited for her husband to unhitch the dogs from their traces, we wept a little.

Her cabin was comfy and warm, the mud-daubed walls gay with pictures and calendars. She, womanlike, had tried to make a home in this wilderness.

The first requirement in mountain hospitality is food--plenty of it. I watched Gladice as she prepared our dinner. She had taken thick slices of rare roasted elk, slit pockets in each slice, filling these openings with sage and onion dressing, then the slices were brushed with bacon drippings, dredged with flour, placed in an iron skillet and brown-
ed slowly. A rich brown gravy ^{was} then made over the pockets and they ~~were~~ ^{were} allowed to simmer for ten minutes.

Mashed potatoes, baking powder biscuits, pumpkin pie, and coffee, her simple yet delicious meal was prepared.

We visited all afternoon, ^{exchanged} ~~exchanged~~ troubles, joys, and recipes. I arrived home at five o'clock, after another thrilling ride home over the crusted snow, refreshed, happy over new recipes for my frontier cookbook, old bugaboo "cabin fever" banished from my consciousness, anticipating my friend's visit in two weeks, when I would be hostess.